SOME NEW BOOKS.

More About Thurlow Weed.

The autobiography of Thurlow Weed which appeared last summer filled a large octavo volume of some 600 pages, and brought down the story of the writer's life to the period when it ceased to be specially interesting: to the date, that is to say, at which he ceased to exercise any direct or weighty influence upon national or even State politics. There was, to be sure, in that book at least one noteworthy and more than one less important omission; but, on the other hand, there was a great deal of surplusage, all that part of the author's recollections which related to his early days being inordinately prolix and prosy. Certainly there was nothing in the character or achievements of the man himself, or in his intimate though more or less clandestine connection with political leaders and events, to justify the publication of a second bulky volume under the title of a *Memoir of Thurlow Weed*, by THURLOW WEED BARNES (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). With the exception of the account here given of Thurlow Weed's relations to Horace Greeley (to which only the most cursory allusion had been made in the autobiography), and of some incidents connected with the civil war (also unchronicled in the preceding narrative), Mr. Barnes has added little of substantial value or of general interest to the materials already used, and has therefore laid himself open to the charge of perpetrating an unwarranted and egregious piece of bookmaking. He fails to offer any specious pretext for telling over again the long story already told more crisply and effectively by the subject of the memoir. Indeed, the autobiography itself might, by the excision of digressive and uninstructive matter, have been materially compressed with advantage to the reader, and all that Mr. Barnes has to add that was worth adding might have been set forth in a few supplementary chapters of the original book. We also feel constrained to say that Mr. Barnes seems disqualified for any form of writing which calls for the aptitudes and the equipment of the historian by ignorance or neglect of the fundamental rules of evidence. We have scanned the book in vain for a scintilla of the proof which would be demanded in a court of justice for his libellous imputation of a silly and disgraceful anonymous letter to ex-Senator Benjamin. When this precious epistle was published some weeks ago from advanced sheets, we took for granted that a serious if not successful effort would be made in the memoir before us to set forth the grounds on which such a charge had been framed. Inasmuch as no competent testimony whatever is forthcoming, we are forced to pronounce the charge a libel, and the advanced publication of the foolish anonymous letter a mere advertising trick which will probably prove of little benefit to the deviser.

Readers of the autobiography were surprised and disappointed to find no reference to the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley—a dissolution which blighted the fairest hopes of the senior partner at the Chicago Convention in 1860, and by which the junior partner found himself more or less impeded in his efforts for a seat in the United States Senate, and in his own subsequent contest for the Presidency. A review of the originally intimate coöperation and subsequent alienation of these three conspicuous members of the Whig and Republican parties in the State of New York might, as we have said, have formed a useful appendix to Mr. Weed's autobiography, and constitutes the principal excuse for the present memoir. Mr. Barnes, indeed, cannot be credited with having given us much information on this subject which had not already appeared in print, but he has collected from contemporary newspapers and letters the declarations of the several parties to the controversy, and such collateral comments as might be thought to shed some light upon the merits of the quarrel. So far, however, as these comments consist of extracts from the expression of mere opinion in newspaper articles, they seem to us wholly out of place in a book of any historical pretensions. As to the main incidents and phases of a controversy which, however frivolous or ignoble may have been its motives, unquestionably had momentous political consequences, these may be briefly indicated by noting here and there some of the best authenticated features of the story which Mr. Barnes recites with, perhaps, excessive amplitude of detail.

No candid person, we imagine, can read without a good deal of sympathy the remarkable letter from Mr. Greeley to Gov. Seward, after the November election of 1854, in which the writer formally served notice of the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley by the withdrawal of the junior partner. It would be absurd to say that Mr. Weed was either morally or intellectually qualified to play Horace Greeley's part of standard bearer and protagonist in the tremendous movement, whose object was to awaken and instruct the popular conscience, and to array the mass of the Whig party in the great State of New York against the further extension of slavery in the Territories. It is certain that by the ascendancy which the editor of the *Tribune* so powerfully helped to give his wing of the Whig party, he had fully earned his share of the honor and the emolument that accrued to the copartnership. The fact, however, was that in 1854 Seward had been made Governor and United States Senator, and Weed was a rich man, while Greeley was in debt, and had never received from his associates so much as the offer of nomination to any post of dignity or profit, except in one instance, when the nomination was an empty and heartless compliment. On one occasion, when the Democratic party was in power, "I was honored," says Mr. Greeley, "with the nomination for State printer. When we came again to have a State printer to elect as well as nominate, the place went to Weed." Referring to the complete failure of his partners to recognize the services which he had rendered in the Harrison campaign, he says, with an odd blending of bitterness and self-respect: "I asked nothing, expected nothing, but you, Gov. Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York." It was not likely that the rankling sense of injustice would be allayed by the creation of a new office for the express purpose of rewarding Mr. H. J. Raymond, who had been a far less devoted and useful coadjutor than he.

It is said that Mr. Weed did not see Mr. Greeley's letter to Mr. Seward until it was published in June, 1860, and the comments which he then made on it are pronounced by an anonymous newspaper writer, quoted by Mr. Barnes, "dignified, truthful, severe, patriotic, and in such contrast with the furious self-seeking of Mr. Greeley that it cannot be read without giving the impression that the writer possessed elements of real greatness." We have vainly scanned Mr. Weed's insufferably disingenuous and pharisaical remarks to discover any grounds for the epithets thus lavished. Is it perhaps this sentence that the anonymous panegyrist had in view? "We believed him indifferent alike to the temptations of money and office, desiring only to become both useful and ornamental, as the editor of a patriotic, enlightened, leading, and influential public journal." Now, this is very pretty talk, but would any one who knows what was the mainspring of Thurlow Weed's public life aver that it lay in his mouth to utter it? Does it lie in a wolf's mouth to praise the general tenderness and succulence of lambs, or to repine because in one instance his lamb should have proved a little tough? With how ill a grace does this pretended sorrow that his partner should not have proved "indifferent alike to the temptations of money and office" come from a man who, while, for reasons of his own, he refrained from seeking or holding office, was notoriously eager to extract all the money possible from politics and from political journalism. Is there anything more preposterous than to favorably contrast the conduct of a man whose large private fortune was a monument of what may be made out of politics with the "self-seeking" of Horace Greeley? Mr. Weed's affected regret that somebody else should fall short of the high ideal of a public spirited reformer, for which he himself in his own practice evinced a cynical indifference, was about as pertinent as the charge of "base ingratitude" launched at Chicago by Mr. A. B. Dickinson at Mr. Greeley who, as a matter of fact, had never received anything from his political copartners but lip recognition and supercilious rebuffs.

In 1854 Mr. Weed deemed it inexpedient to gratify Mr. Greeley's wish for the Whig nomination for Governor. He even declined to aid—assigning, of course, some of the plausible reasons for which an expert wirepuller is never at a loss—his old and faithful friend in securing the nomination for the far humbler post of Lieutenant-Governor, and assisted at the State Convention in conferring the latter prize on Mr. Greeley's personal and political rival, the editor of the *New York Times*. Mr. Greeley would not have been a man, he would have been a cur, had he forgotten or condoned Mr. Weed's share in this galling and gratuitous offence. The action, nevertheless, which he took at Chicago in 1860 was prompted not merely by personal vindictiveness, but by a sincere conviction that Mr. Seward would prove unequal to the weight of responsibility which, it could already be foreseen, would fall upon a Republican President. No intelligent man, who is familiar with the history of the negotiations between the Confederate Commissioners and the Republican Cabinet during the early weeks of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and who carefully considers the attitude of the Secretary of State, will refuse to concur with Mr. Greeley in congratulating the defenders of the Union that Mr. Seward was not nominated at Chicago. It may be that much precious time would have been saved by choosing Mr. Chase or some other candidate more conspicuously and avowedly in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement than was Mr. Lincoln; but there was danger that such a step would result in the election of Mr. Douglas. There never was any doubt as to which of the two men, Lincoln and Seward, would be the first to yield to the vehement outcry of anti-slavery sentiment, and to issue the emancipation proclamation, by which act alone the Federal Government acquired a superior moral status to the Confederacy before the bar of English and Continental opinion.

It is, we believe, undisputed that to Mr. Greeley belongs the credit of defeating Gov. Seward at Chicago. He it was who persuaded the discordant elements of opposition to drop their personal preferences and unite upon a candidate who would conciliate instead of alarming the Democratic wing of the Republican organization, yet who could at the same time be trusted to carry out with the strong hand the dominant purposes of the party that elected him. He it was who, by throwing grave doubt on the power of the New York candidate to carry his own State, foiled the plans of Mr. Seward's friends for securing on the second or third ballot the votes of Indiana and Pennsylvania. In ascribing, therefore, to Horace Greeley the ruin of the hopes of a lifetime, Mr. Weed was entirely justified by the facts, though, as it happened, Mr. Weed's hopes by no means coincided with the interests of the country. During the remainder of his life he never missed the opportunity of striking a revengeful blow at the editor of the *Tribune* and although his support of President Johnson's "policy" and his connection with the abortive Philadelphia Convention deprived Mr. Weed of all the influence he ever had in national politics, the peculiar means of pressure on professional politicians, which his long experience in wire-pulling had given, left him considerable power for mischief in his own State. He did not fail to tax all his levers to the utmost against Mr. Greeley, whether the latter was a candidate for the office of State Comptroller, of Representative in Congress, or of United States Senator. And it must have been inexpressibly galling to Thurlow Weed to see the junior partner of his old political firm obtain at last what Mr. Seward had sought for all his life in vain, the nomination of a great political party for the Presidential office.

This was the chapter of the life of Thurlow Weed which needed to be added to his autobiography. There are also some hitherto unpublished anecdotes and reminiscences in Mr. Barnes's book which would be worth quoting, had not the author, with the odd indifference to evidence which characterized his treatment of the pretended "Benjamin" letter, neglected in too many instances to give acceptable authority for his recitals.

Stanley's Lectures on the Eastern Church.

The student of the evolution of Christianity will be grateful for the reprinting by the Messrs. Scribner of the *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, delivered by Dr. STANLEY while discharging the duties of Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. It is true that the comprehensive scheme of inquiry originally contemplated is here but partially carried out, the author's plans having been interrupted by his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster. Among the branches of his subject which he has been unable to investigate may be particularly named those fragments or offshoots of the Eastern Church which survive in the Nestorian, the Armenian, the Georgian, the Jacobite and Maronite, the Coptic, and the Abyssinian communities. On the other hand, Dean Stanley, besides going over much of the ground already traversed by Milman, had time, before he was prevented from pursuing these researches, to examine two remarkable and still imperfectly understood aspects of his theme, to wit, Mohammedanism, considered in its relations to the Eastern Church, and the Russian Church, from its foundation by Greek missionaries to its reconstruction by Peter the Great. It is by directing special attention to the lectures in which these topics are discussed that we can best illustrate the breadth of view and tolerant spirit by which Dean Stanley's contributions to the history of Christianity are so forcibly commended.

How noteworthy it is, for example, to see an Anglican divine acknowledge frankly that Islam is the only one of the higher religions which has hitherto made great and continued progress in the vast continent of Africa, and this, too, although at the date of Mohammed's birth Latin Christianity was, to all appearances, firmly rooted in what were known till recently as the States of Barbary, while Eastern Christianity had long been planted in Egypt and Abyssinia. Reminding us that Mohammed is placed by Dante in the "Inferno" among the chief heresiarchs, Dr. Stanley insists that Mohammedanism should be regarded as an eccentric, heretical form of Eastern Christianity rather than as a distinct and antagonistic religion. Islam was, in fact," the extreme Protestantism or Puritanism of the East. "Whether or not the iconoclasm of the seventh century in Constantinople had any direct connection with the early contemporaneous rise of Mohammedanism, there can," he says, "be little doubt that the two movements had rise in the same feeling of reaction against the excessive attention to the outward objects of devotion. In the case of Mohammed there was superadded the sentiment, whether imitated from the Hebrew Scriptures or instinctive in the Arabian branch of the Semitic race, which returned with all its force to the belief in the one unseen God. The iconoclasm of Mohammed far exceeds that either of Leo the Isaurian or of John Knox." It is further admitted that within a confined circle of morality the code of the Koran makes a deeper impression than has been made on Christians by the code of the Bible, though "beyond that circle it cannot," the lecturer thinks, "be said to equal the vivifying influence which the Bible has unquestionably exercised even over the unconscious instincts and feelings of Christendom." As to that manly independence which knows no false shame or reserve in professing its religion in the face of the world, this Dean Stanley recognizes as no less conspicuously the noble heritage of the Turk and the Arab than of the Greek or Russian. It is this willingness to own in the sight of all men the faith that is in them that lends to every Oriental congregation, but preëminently to every Mussulman congregation, its main distinction from every Western congregation, namely, the immense preponderance of men over women. Moreover, "the gravity and temperance of the Mussulman are doubtless congenial to the dignity and simplicity of Oriental life. In these respects both Western and Eastern Christianity, though gaining more, have lost much." Finally, Dean Stanley sees preserved in the Mussulman "the truest and most literal likeness of that ancient Jewish faith which is expressed in the word Islam, that is to say, resignation to the will of God. However distorted it may be into fatalism and apathy, yet it is still a powerful motive both in action and in suffering. God is present to the Moslem in a sense in which He is rarely present to us amid the hurry and confusion of the West." Dr. Stanley concludes his lecture with expressing the conviction that the qualities of the devout Mohammedan, being Semitic, and, in the best sense of the word, Jewish, "no Christian can regard them without reverence, even in their humblest form: nor can he abandon the hope that, if ever the time should come for the gathering of the followers of Mohammed within the Christian fold, gifts like theirs need not be altogether lost to the world and the Church in the process of that transition."

In an interesting parallel Dean Stanley shows us how the history of the Church of Russia presents in miniature a counterpart of the history of the whole field of ecclesiastical history in the West. "The conversion of the Slavonic races was to the Church of Constantinople what the conversion of the Teutonic races was to the Church of Rome. The Papacy and the empire of Charlemagne had their dim reflection on the throne of Moscow. Russia, as well as Europe, had its middle ages, though, as might be expected from its later start in the race of civilization, they extended for a longer period. The Church of Russia, as well as the Church of Europe, has had its Reformation, almost its revolution, its internal parties, and its countless sects." It is to be distinctly kept in view that, although since the conversion of Grand Duke Vladimir (A. D. 980) by a Greek missionary, and his marriage to the daughter of the Emperor Basil, "the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople has been gradually relaxed in proportion to the increasing power of the Russian hierarchy and nation, yet the outward bond between the two churches has never been broken. The Metropolitans of Russia were for five centuries either Byzantines or closely allied to Byzantines." Dean Stanley proceeds to point out what is by no means commonly understood, viz., that "every successive change in their condition since has been confirmed by the Church of Constantinople. The transference of the See from Kieff to Moscow, the elevation of the primacy into a patriarchate, and finally the transformation of the patriarchate into a synod have all been recognized by the Eastern patriarchs themselves, and whatever inward jealousy they may have of their powerful neighbor, there is no ground for the popular Western notion that the Church of Russia is in a state of antagonism to the other churches of the East."

The relation of the Czar to the Russian Church should be no mystery, for in theory it is exactly analogous and in practice it closely corresponds to that occupied by the successors of Constantine to the Latin Church in the Western Roman Empire (until in that part of the world the imperial system fell into abeyance, A. D. 476), and to the relation maintained almost a thousand years longer by the Byzantine Emperors to the Eastern Church. It is only because the attempt to resuscitate this relation made by Charlemagne and some of the more powerful German Emperors failed so completely in the West that we find it hard to comprehend the attitude of Christianity in the orthodox empire toward the Muscovite Cæsar. Indeed, the veneration felt in the middle ages for the Czar, regarded in his ecclesiastical capacity, as the father of the whole patriarchal community, was a far deeper, more fervent, and universal sentiment than had ever been entertained by the subjects of Byzantine sovereigns. "The line of Grecian Emperors, so it was said even by Orientals, had been stained with heresy and iconoclasm, never the line of the orthodox Czars of Muscovy." Even Ivan IV., the most detestable and loathsome monster in the black list of despots, was not, and is not now, regarded by his countrymen with unmingled horror. "The epithet which we render 'Terrible' expresses in the original rather the idea of 'Awful,' the feeling with which the Athenians would have regarded not Periander or Dionysius, but the Eumenides. His memory still lives among the peasants as of one who was a Czar indeed."

Co-operative Housekeeping.

It is certainly an interesting question which Mrs. MELUSINA FAY PEIRCE discusses in a little book entitled *Coöperative Housekeeping* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), and every woman who is married, or who expects to marry, will do well to ponder its suggestions, whether or no she is persuaded to accept the particular scheme of reform proposed. Let us first state very briefly what it is that Mrs. Peirce would do, and we may then glance at the likelihood of her project being carried out.

Mrs. Peirce starts with the assumption that domestic servants are far more inefficient than they were formerly, and that housekeeping will soon become impracticable without some radical change of methods. These are current postulates which most ladies in our day seem to regard as axiomatic, but it is very doubtful whether they should be accepted without considerable qualifications. In the first place, it is improbable that a maid of all work was any more competent a century ago to discharge all the functions which are or may be imposed on her than she is now. So far, then, as concerns families belonging to the lower middle class, who are able to keep one servant, and no more—and Mrs. Peirce's book is not addressed to those humble households which employ no servant at all, and from which, consequently, the housewives' absence would be practically impossible—there has been no loss of comfort to the masculine members of the household except so far as the mistress has ceased to render those supervisory and supplemental services which she was trained to give and did give a hundred years ago. With regard, then, to the households which can only afford a maid of all work—and these constitute the great majority of the households in which any part of the collective income can be spent upon the hire of servants—there is no housekeeping problem at all which could not be solved as satisfactorily now as it ever could by a more sensible training and a little more unselfishness on the part of the house mistress. But, it may be rejoined, a woman whose husband is able to pay a maid of all work has, in our generation, had her higher faculties aroused, her aspirations awakened, and her thoughts soar far above the narrow household accomplishments in which her grandmother was proficient. But does she really imagine that because she has a smattering of literature and music she is relieved from her share of the labor and irksome care pertaining to a marriage partnership, and that she really performs her fundamental duty—that of giving comfort to the home on which the man bestows security—as faithfully as did her grandmother? Or does she, perchance, imagine it beneath her to know how to cook, unaware, perhaps, that the daughters of the house of Hapsburg are to this day sedulously instructed in the secrets of the cuisine, for the obvious reason that only by a profound acquaintance with the culinary art is the mistress of a household qualified to test, to reprimand, to stimulate, and keep at the top of his proficiency an accomplished chef. And if this is perfectly clear to those who know by experience how hard it is to prevent a cordonbleu from becoming careless and maladroit, how much more urgently in need of intelligent surveillance is the humble maid of all work?

Mrs. Peirce seems to have chiefly in view those less straitened families in which two or more servants are employed. But let us, in order to bring out more distinctly the direction and force of her argument, take the case of a family whose menial duties are distributed among four employees, one being assigned to the kitchen, another to the laundry, a third to the comprehensive cleansing functions that devolve upon a housemaid, and a fourth to attendance on the table. Now, here, as Mrs. Peirce has acutely pointed out, are no less than three trades, and even four, if the expert discharge of a waiter's duties may be dignified with the name of handicraft, carried on under one roof, in the same primitive, isolated, and therefore, necessarily rude and expensive way in which spinning and weaving, and dyeing, and the making of clothes were carried on by housewives three thousand years ago. In almost every other field of human sagacity and energy the results of coöperation, of the distribution and aggregation of labor, are resplendent; even some of the most important household functions once monopolized by women, those, namely, of spinning, weaving, and dyeing, above enumerated, have been definitely wrested from her by the superior efficiency of associative work, and the making of feminine as well as of masculine apparel is swiftly tending to pass out of her hands. Now, why, asks Mrs. Peirce, should not women who are able to pay servants for the performance of household duties apply the coöperative principle to at least the two chief functions which wholly, or in part, remain to them, to wit, the kitchen and the laundry? Why should not, for instance, a number of matrons establish a coöperative society for the purchase of household supplies, a coöperative kitchen at which all the meals of the families interested would be cooked, and a coöperative laundry at which the linen of the various households could be cleansed? As for a coöperative society for the manufacture of undergarments, this would probably be entirely superfluous in a large city where it is acknowledged, we believe, by housewives that such articles can already be purchased from retail tradesmen far more cheaply than they could be made at home, or by a small coterie of amateurs, however expert and industrious. It will be noticed that after the coöperative store, kitchen, and laundry were in successful operation there would remain certain household functions for which the assistance of domestic servants would be necessary, or, at all events, highly desirable. In other words, the well-to-do household, which Mrs. Peirce is specially anxious to reform, would still need a table attendant, a housemaid, and perhaps a seamstress, to say nothing of ladies' maids and children's nurses.

A word or two as to the practicability of Mrs. Peirce's suggestions. The coöperative store, which, of course, is simply an expedient for procuring trustworthy household supplies at wholesale prices, avoiding adulteration, on the one hand, and the often extortionate profits of the middleman on the other, is already a fact in England, and the experiment would be copied here if it were possible to find an honest superintendent. The principle of coöperative labor in the laundry business is also applied on a great scale in large cities and towns, and is, no doubt, ultimately destined to absorb all the work of those families which could afford to pay the wages of a separate laundress. It is true that the profits resulting from this application of the coöperative principle at present inure to men, while Mrs. Peirce would secure it for the housewife. But, in the first place, the profits of the laundry trade are even now quite small, and must inevitably diminish as an extension of the field invites keener competition, until it will become as poor economy for the mistress of a household to have the house linen washed at home as to have undergarments made there. While, moreover, a coöperative laundry would have no advantage of convenience over a public laundry, and, being managed by amateurs, would probably give less satisfaction and prove more costly to its patrons, there is a serious positive objection to the institution of the former. Mrs. Peirce herself admits that married women would be hindered by maternal cares, or by the not unreasonable repugnance of their husbands, from spending in the far from poetic atmosphere of a laundry the number of hours absolutely requisite for the supervision of the servants to whom the ruder and less inviting functions were committed. She proposes, therefore, that young women—unmarried girls of the class technically known as ladies—shall be encouraged to assume a task which husbands shrink from imposing on their wives, to spend, namely, a considerable number of hours ie every day watching the vulgar, ignorant, and often vicious women who perform the manual labor involved manipulating the unsightly objects and implements of their craft, and listening to their far from edifying comments and discourse. We have no reason to suppose that the women who do laundry work are chosen from a higher social grade in the United States than they are in France, and we do not think a father who had read Zola's account of the physical and moral atmosphere of a French establishment where the principle of collective labor was applied to the laundry business would be likely to allow his daughter to frequent or even enter such a place.

As for coöperative cooking, we are rapidly coming to that in our large cities, through the development of the catering business, and we opine that very few husbands or fathers would not rather see the caterer take the very moderate profits that are likely to accrue from the new trade than have their wives or daughters spend a good deal of their time among the professional cooks who will necessarily be employed in Mrs. Peirce's coöperative kitchen if the culinary products are to be much superior to those already attainable under the present system. The objection to the present system is not felt, of course, in those families which can afford to hire a good chef, and it would not be felt in those households which can only afford to pay from twenty to thirty dollars for what is termed an ordinary cook, but for the fact that the general standard of luxury among well-to-do people has immensely advanced in fifty years, so that the average merchant, lawyer, or physician is no longer content with a daily fare which once amply satisfied people occupying the same economical and social positions. In our own time a man who can afford or who is called upon to pay the wages of half a dozen servants, is not content to be fed; he must be dined, and the problem of furnishing every day a novel and appetizing dinner of four or five courses is certain to overtax the resources of the ordinary cook, and must ultimately be solved in our large American cities as it is solved in Paris, by first-rate caterers.

Some Recent Books of Poetry.

One of the daintiest books of the season is a collection of the poems of Mr. George Lunt, published in Boston by Cupples, Upham & Co. There are many readers, especially of the elder generation, to whom Mr. Lunt will need no introduction. Those who do not know him already as a poet will find much to please and not a little to surprise them in the six or seven score pieces here brought together. Mr. Lunt's range is as wide as his taste is catholic. In the stirring stanzas of his Ballad of Bunker Hill, the correct elegance of his versions from the Greek and Latin classics, and the fine solemnity of his devotional poetry, Mr. Lunt exhibits qualities which command attention.

The same publishers send us "The Happy Isles and Other Poems," by Mr. S. H. M. Byers, who is, we believe, the United States Consul at Zurich. Mr. Byers hails from Iowa, and thus expresses his admiration for that commonwealth.

> Iowa, Iowa, Queen of States, Iowa.
> Crowned with fair jewels from Nature's own hand;
> O, how thy bosom thrills
> Out from thy rocky hills
> Down where thy busy mills cover the land!
>
> Iowa, Iowa, glorious Iowa,
> Smiling with pride with the honors you wear;
> Long may thy future be
> Still like the past of thee,
> All that we hoped of thee, Iowa fair.

There is a touch of humor now and then, and occasionally a felicitous expression. However, the poetical diversions with which Mr. Byers has beguiled his leisure hours in office, narrowly escape classification with the vast literature of the commonplace.

Another poetical Consul, Mr. George L. Catlin, in a little volume published at Stuttgart by Konrad Wittwer, and entitled "The Postillion of Nagold," shows more originality. He has observed and understood his surroundings, and has set in very satisfactory verse some of the characteristic Suabian legends.

Mr. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" has inspired Mr. Augustin L. Taveau to write an epic poem, with an introduction, arguments, a pronouncing vocabulary, and a portentous array of notes, on the theme of the subjugation of Montezuma's empire:

> How fell thy Empire, mighty Aztec King!
> In tuneful numbers let the Muses sing.

The Muses, with Mr. Taveau's assistance, proceed to tell in tuneful numbers of the vaticinations of Nezahualcoyotl, the venerable seer of Tenochtitlan, and of events at the court of Montezuma prior to the arrival of the Spaniards. The second canto starts the expedition of Cortez from the Straits of Gibraltar; but here, without explanation or apology, the epic abruptly terminates. We infer that either Mr. Taveau's inspiration or the supply of consonants in the type cases of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons gave out at this point.

"Lyrics and Satires," by Richard E. Day, is from the press of John T. Roberts in Syracuse. Mr. Day's verses are such as discover merit to the eyes of friendship, but are not likely to strike and overcome indifference.

Another epic—which we have not conscientiously perused—is the "Hair of Lyolyna," written and published at Palmyra, New Jersey, by J. Dunbar Hylton, M. D. It is a tale of sea and land. It contains, altogether, something over fifteen thousand verses. This specimen is from Chapter X. of Part 5:

> And toward the vine-clad hut he strode,
> Scarce had he reached the lone abode,
> Then Bayard and some sixty men
> Came gliding toward him from the glen.
> Soon near Omar I e Vaux they drew,
> When he could take of each a view.
>
> Johnson, who came the first in view,
> And was the leader of that crew,
> Was a man of medium size,
> With blood-red hair and hazel eyes,
> With round face, snub nose, forward chin,
> With freckles o'er his sun-burned skin;
> His lips were thick, his mouth was wide,
> But pearly teeth were there espied,
> His forehead did real low appear—

The poem is of interest to the student of stupefied mental energies, and it is probably the longest epic written in recent years by any American citizen outside of an asylum.

Book Notes.

Prof. Hunt of Princeton is the editor of Cædmon's "Exodus and Daniel," published in the original Anglo-Saxon, with notes and a glossary (Ginn & Heath). This is one of the most important monuments of Anglo-Saxon literature, and students of early English will find it exceedingly useful.

A series of contributions on various subjects from the pen of Mr. Clarence Deming, which have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Evening Post*, are republished in a handsome octavo volume under the title of "Byways of Nature and Life" (Putnams).

"St. Mark's Rest" is the title of a new volume by Mr. Ruskin (Wiley & Sons).

A fascinating little pocket volume is George Du Maurier's "Pictures of English Society." The drawings are taken from *Punch* (Appletons).

"Horrors," published by S. W. Green's Son, is a volume of alleged adaptations from current French literature. The title but faintly indicates its nature.

Edmond O'Donovan's work on the "Merv Oasis" has been epitomized and republished by Funk & Wagnall's.

The same publishers also issue, in handsome style and in one volume, two of Tourgueneff's stories, "Mumu" and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man," translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni.

Dr. R. S. Tracy is the author of a convenient manual of Sanitary Information for Householders (Appletons).

We have from San Francisco a volume entitled the "Wine Press and the Cellar" (Payot Upham & Co.), by E. H. Rixford. It gives a complete account of the making and managing of wine as practised in California.

"Old Lady Mary" is an interesting spiritualist story (Roberts Bros.)

A valuable contribution to human happiness is the "American Pastry Cook," by Jessup Whitehead. The same author also publishes the "Hotel Book of Salads and Cold Dishes" and the "Hotel Book of Soups and Entrées." May he live long and prosper!

The Bedell Lecture for 1883, by Bishop Cotterill of Edinburgh, handsomely published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, treats of Revealed Religion and its Relation to the Moral Being of God.

An Interview with the Emir of Bokhara.

From the London Times, Feb. 1.

A traveller in Turkestan has sent a long account to the *Journal de Genève* of an interview with the Emir of Bokhara. He says: "On the 1st of November we received a visit from the Emir's confidential adviser, the Hadji Chodja-Urak, who informed us that we were to be received on the following day by his Highness previous to our departure. At noon the next day a guard of honor came to fetch us, and the Hadji informed us that the Emir was at his favorite residence of Chir-Bandane, about two miles outside the town. The palace is an immense building with a flat roof, surrounded by a large garden enclosed by a wall thirty-five feet high, and upon each side of the main avenue leading to the palace are the barracks of the Emir's body guard. All the servants and functionaries were drawn up in line as we drove down the avenue, and we alighted in a large courtyard at the further end of which is a building with high windows, the space between the windows and the roof being beautifully decorated with blue and red frescoes and gold festoons.

"Being conducted into one of the rooms looking out into this courtyard, we found the Emir seated upon a throne in the centre, with two armchairs, one upon each side, for Prince Wittgenstein and an aide-de-camp; to the left there were two chairs for the doctor and second interpreter, and to the right two for my companion and myself. There was no furniture in the room, but the floor was covered with European carpets. I could not help feeling surprised that while we are always trying to imitate the Eastern carpets, the European carpets should be found in the palace of an Asiatic potentate. We were conducted in turn to shake hands with the Emir, who was arrayed in a robe of rose-colored velvet, studded with precious stones. He was very gracious in his manner, and asked us if we were pleased with our visit to his country. Prince Wittgenstein then informed him that my companion and myself had come to ask permission to continue our journey, and I told him that I was the first Swiss who had visited Bokhara, and that I should be able to convey to my fellow citizens an idea of the hospitality which I had received. I added that there were many points of resemblance between the two countries, as in both there were numerous savants and universities. The Emir replied that he was always pleased to see foreigners in his States, and bade me tell 'the sovereign' of my country that he was glad I had been sent, and should always welcome any other Swiss 'subjects' who might come after me.

"This brought the audience to a close, and the Hadji Chodja-Urak then conducted us through the gardens into a small courtyard, which is the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is shut in between a lofty building, though of only one story, and around it runs a sort of cloister, the pillars of which are carved so delicately that they look like lace. We then passed through the different apartments, all of which are covered with rare carpets and tapestry, but do not contain a single piece of furniture. The walls, however, are decorated very richly, and the ceilings are of carved wood, with gold and silver arabesques. We were then presented with a variety of choice gifts from the Emir, and as these, including some beautiful horses, were brought into the courtyard, I was inclined to fancy that this fairy scene must be all a dream."

John Bright on the Law of Primogeniture.

From the London Times.

At the Birmingham Town Hall yesterday evening, Jan. 30, Mr. John Bright said:

It is a very easy matter to abolish the law of primogeniture. In fact, more than a dozen years ago, when I was a member of Mr. Gladstone's first Government, the question had been discussed, and a bill was under preparation for that precise object, and I think myself that there would be no difficulty whatever in these days, opinion having grown and advanced so much, in passing such a measure through the House of Commons. I know nothing of the House of Lords, but I suspect that even in that House a great change has taken place, for only the year before last a bill of very considerable value in the direction of which I am speaking as to the freedom of the land was brought into Parliament by Lord Cairns, and passed through both Houses with almost no difficulty.

Well, then, we should have the sons and daughters treated as sons and daughters, not as outcasts. Now, a man leaves, or the law gives, to the eldest son this handsome estate and this fine house; and what does it give to the other sons or to the daughters? The law gives, I believe, just nothing. (Cheers.) What would any man say to a father of a family who took his eldest son and gave him an education, sent him to one of your good schools in your neighborhood, or Oxford or Cambridge or elsewhere, and gave him the best education money could give, and left his other sons and his daughters without learning so much as their alphabet? Suppose such a case as that arose, what would humanity, or what would the moral sense of the country say to a disposition like that? Surely, if a man was bound to give to his children such fair education as he can offer them, surely he is equally bound, from the means he possesses, to make—I do not now speak of equal provision—but to make some reasonable and righteous provision for all his children. If he neglects or fails to do this, it becomes the duty of the law, which a Christian-professing Parliament has made, to make that provision for them.

The law should be consistent with natural justice, and with that course which a just and affectionate parent would have pursued if he had done his duty. There is no reason why the law of settlement and entail should not be so limited as to be practically abolished for all mischievous purposes. Transfers might be made perfectly simple. Ships and shares and many vast properties of other kinds can be transferred almost without cost. A friend of mine told me last week that he had lately bought a house in London. He was a member of the House of Commons. There was no difficulty about the title or deeds or anything, but the transfer of that house cost him £250. Why, it might have been done and not cost him more than 200 shillings, or less than that.

The amount of business transactions would be enormously increased, and whenever this new measure of reform becomes established as the law of the land, I hope the first great measure that will be undertaken will be to free the land of England from these feudal and ancient claims, and that it will be made free, as we succeeded five and thirty years ago in making its produce free.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Two Songs.

From the Youth's Companion.

I.

CHILDHOOD.

The Spirit of Gladness, I
On the wings of an emerald fly
Sailed by thee, singing a song.
And my song was so sweet to thee
That the sound of it, after me,
As it drew thee, dancing along
(Panting o'er meadow and lawn
Bathed in the breath of the dawn)
Into thy sweet heart drew
The honey drops out of the flowers,
And the secretest bliss of the bowers
Drawn out of the drops of dew.
For twin-born sister and brother
We little ones welcomed each other
With never a doubt that day:
And we frolick'd so fast, so fast,
That we fell down weary at last,
(Weary of wandering play).
Then 'mid the blossoms asleep,
And I, by the side of thee, deep
In the bell of a gentian blue
Whence silently forth I stole,
And into thy slumbering soul,
With my song in me hushed, I flew.
Then, a thought of thine I became:
A thought with a song for a name,
The song that, to seize his flight,
Thy fly to the flower-bell sings,
And I gave thee his emerald wings.
Child, cherish, and keep them bright.

II.

MAIDENHOOD.

I have no name. For they that know me best
Know how to name me not. The nightingale
Sings me when summer nights are silentest,
And the stars tremble, listening to her tale.
Shy Melancholy's sweetest child am I,
Sweeter than Joy. I hover between song
And silence. There is smiling in my sigh,
And sighing in my smile. A thought among
Thy thoughts, I wander like a wind through flowers,
And only by their trembling canst thou tell
My secret influence on thy silent hours.
Yet dost thou know me, child, and know me well.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Four Love Ditties.

From Good Words.

I.

My love, beside the Southern sea,
Of busy streets is fain to tire;
Up to those hills that shine on me
She stretches arms of vain desire.

Tired of the billowy thunder made
When the sou'wester calls so loud;
Tired of the glittering long parade,
And all the changeful restless crowd.

She sees the Grampian's heathery blue,
The snow-fed river rushing by,
The Ochils, steeped in emerald hue,
Kinnoul, dark-stemmed against the sky.

And far above, the briar bush sweet,
That only passing airs betray
To lovers who, with tardy feet,
Are lingering on their homeward way.

'Tis these she loves. Oh, constant hills!
I cannot all forsaken be;
Something of her from you distils,
Some of her heart you give to me.

II.

Chafed by these swaddling bands of fate,
'Tis ours to see, and not attain:
The spirit oft but meets its mate
To drift apart, and lose again.

One day stands out o'er other days
In vision of the might have been;
The vision flies, the hard world stays,
And rears its wall of brass between.

They two had climbed the mountain's brow
Higher than morning mists have birth;
Life seemed one endless, wondrous Now;
They were alone in all the earth.

Above them but the solemn blue
Whose hush of noon no motion stirred,
And as their hearts together grew
Between them was no need of word.

O that the soul on such fair heights
Could linger! There 'twere good to dwell!
Transformed by something of those lights
That first on love in Eden fell.

III.

Soft western breezes o'er us creep,
Faint-sweet, from hills of whin in flower;
With strange, sad cries the pee-wits sweep—
And now it is the sunset hour.

No words can tell that glow of gold,
Those tender mauves, those peaks fire-stained,
That pure translucence, heaven unrolled,
That when all else was past remained.

Bluebells and primroses emboss
The turf, the little ferns scarce stir.
She lays her head upon the moss,
And lets her soul go out from her.

And thou wast there, poor heart! Thine own
Beats feared to break the silence through;
So darkly deep her eyes had grown,
So strong the spell her presence threw.

Her thoughts were far away from thee,
Yet by her side she let thee stay.
He who the shrine may never see
Will gladly watch its door all day.

IV.

The long June sun could hardly bear
To leave the North he loves so well;
All night the soft glow hovered there
As of his swift return to tell.

But now he hurries down the sky
Ere half the afternoon be o'er;
And bare and brown the hedgerows lie
Where roses blushed through green before.

Spring will return; but if she stays,
Who is the crown of Spring's delights?
Without her, what are lengthening days,
Or balmier softness of the nights?

And yet such hope is in the air,
Such stir of promise in the trees;
The rooks glad tales are telling there,
And whispers come upon the breeze—

"The world's year has its June of mirth,
And thine shall not all winter be:
God gives the flowers back to the earth,
And He will give thy Love to thee."

The Right Sort of Wheel Horse.

From the Augusta New Age.

'Tis not the horse John Gilpin sped,
Nor that of Tam O'Shanter;
Nor honest Barnum's woolly steed,
Nor old King Richard's ranter.
'Tis not the horse that flies the turf,
With speed of lightning, running;
Or poses in the ring or surf
And charms us by his cunning.

No! no! the horse my muse shall sing,
Is solid, stout, and stable;
He's safe in any road or ring,
And wins because he's able.
He sports a heart both good and bold,
And stands serene and steady;
His head is of the Roman mould,
His action prompt and ready.

He treads with care the dangerous way,
And steadies every motion;
He's neither lured nor led astray,
By foolish whim or notion.
He holds the leaders firm in check,
Regardless of their prancing,
And curbs the bridle on the neck
Whene'er they go to dancing.

And if the load be heavy, and
The hill be hard ascending,
He bends on all his giant strength,
As if his life were pending.
And when descending down the slope,
He's faithful to his teaching,
And steady, steady, marks the slope,
While backing on the breeching.

His eye with flaming fire is bright,
His ear is tuned for hearing;
He's ready for a pull or fight,
As suits the time and gearing.
He calls a halt and scans the way,
When near the post of danger;
But ever ready for the fray
When called by friend or stranger.

This is the Wheel Horse of my lay,
The careful, keen observer;
That sees the path and feels the way,
And moves with force and fervor.
'Tis he who points the distant goal,
And husbands all his treasure;
Of courage and of strength the soul,
And staunch in weight and measure.

A kingdom for a Statesman! who
Such qualities discloses;
We'll follow the bold Titan through,
As Israel followed Moses!
We'll celebrate the high renown,
Award the noblest station;
We'll crown him with the people's crown,
The Helmsman of the nation!

Albano.

From the Boston Transcript.

The lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight star shows clear,
And large and solemn it gazes down
In the mirror of the mere.
Was it here they rowed in their crazy craft,
Where only the ripples are—
The strange lake folk of the floating raft?
Was it yesterday? said the star.

And the mountain slept, and the nights fell still,
And thousand years rolled by.
Was there once a city on yon low hill,
With its towers along the sky?
Did the cries of the war din of long ago
Wail over the waters far?
There is no stone left for man to know
Since yesterday, said the star.

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake,
And again a thousand years,
And the tents of battle are by the lake,
And the gleam of the horsemen's spears;
They bend their brows with a fierce surmise
On the lights in the plain afar,
And the battle hunger is in their eyes.
Was it yesterday? said the star.

And a thousand years—and the lake is still,
And the star beams large and white;
The burial chant rolls down the hill,
Where they bury the monk at night;
The mountains sleep and the ripples lave
The shore where the pine woods are;
There is little change but another grave
Since yesterday, said the star.

RENNELL RODD.

With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea!

From Harper's Monthly.

With husky-haughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat shore,
Imaging to my sense thy varied strange suggestions,
Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample, smiling face, dashed with the sparkling dimples of the sun,
Thy brooding scowl and murk, thy unloosed hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wilfulness;
Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears—a lack from all eternity in thy content—
(Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs, defeats, could make thee greatest—no less could make thee),
Thy lonely state—something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st,
Surely some right withheld—some voice, in huge monotonous rage of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chained and chafing in those breakers,
By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar
(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf ear—but now, rapport for once,
A phantom in the night thy confidant for once),
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's abysms,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
Thou tellest to a kindred soul.

WALT WHITMAN.

SOCIALISM IN PRACTICE.

The Festival of Childhood in a Big French Co-operative Household.

From the Continent.

The late annual *Fête de l'Enfance* at the Familistère was one of the most interesting in the history of that institution, which now counts twenty years of success.

This community, as the name implies, is a home for families. It was founded by M. Godin, the millionaire industrial chief at Guise, in France, for the benefit of the employees in his iron works. At first, and for many years, they rented apartments in it; enjoyed the schools, the fine nursery, the swimming baths, warmed by the exhaust steam of the foundry; the laundry, the lovely gardens and grounds, the stores, supplying everything needed in families, and accessible without going out of doors; the library, reading rooms, billiard room, musical and other societies—all these they enjoyed, simply because they lived in the Familistère—but all these years the founder has been occupied with the task of teaching those poor ironworkers, many of whom were very ignorant, how to coöperate together, and with him, to the end, that they might own their own paladial home and preserve it for their children when they themselves should be in their graves. By the constitution of the association the whole property, amounting to several millions, will be owned by the members of the association who furnish labor to the enterprise instead of capital. This will be accomplished, at the present rate, in about ten years. Meanwhile, the young generation of the Familistère schools, now numbering about three hundred, are coming upon the stage of action well instructed in the principles upon which their happy and prosperous home is founded. The inhabitants of the Familistère number about twelve hundred, or about three hundred families, each living in a suite of apartments and enjoying all the independence and privacy which families so much desire. Two suites can be opened into each other, or the communications sealed up as families grow larger or smaller. All the rooms are high-studded and effectively ventilated by means of great underground galleries, passing all round the quadrangles on the outside and around the three great courts on the inside. Opening into these there are passages passing from every room down the interior of the walls. The air is always fresh and tempered, so that it is never extremely hot or extremely cold in the Familistère.

There are two great annual festivals in the Familistère, in both of which the children are greatly interested, but especially in their own, the *Fête de l'Enfance*, which occurs in October, after the school examinations are over. It is the great occasion of the year for the children of the schools. The head of every little girl, on the day preceding it, bristles with curl papers, and early on the morning of the festival the children, fresh and rosy as youth and joy, baths, and the prettiest toilets can make them, begin to appear upon the balconies of the courts. These extend all around the courts on the second, third, and fourth stories, and the apartments open upon them. They are broad and strong, and floored with colored tiles.

The weather was fine on the day of this last festival, only the wind was high, and very roughly handled the flags hoisted upon the central pavilion. The preparations were completed early in the forenoon, and at the signal, a bugle blast, the procession began to form in its accustomed order: At the head, the company of the Familistère firemen; the clarions; the orchestra; the personnel of the association; the children of the schools—the white, blue, rose, and other colors of the girls' costumes contrasting prettily with the background of sober colors made by the costumes of the boys. The archery company closed the procession.

On arriving at the theatre, the place of destination, the principal members of the association take their places on the stage behind a double bank of foliage and flowers, and the orchestra (l'Harmonie du Familistère) executes with great taste "Emina," a musical fantasie. The banner of this society recalls their success at the recent musical tourney at Colombes. The children then sing the "Marseillaise" in chorus, and Mr. Godin pronounces a discourse. He dwelt upon the necessity of having better schools in the city of Guise, of his efforts in that direction, which had not been seconded by the municipal authorities, and he showed by the records how greatly the schools of the Familistère excelled them. For example: At the last examination of the officers of the National Bureau of Public Instruction the children of the Familistère schools took fifteen certificates, while the schools of the Canton of Guise took only sixty-four; that is, for a population of 20,000 against the 1,200 of the Familistère. But the Familistère children can study better than others, for they have not only the most perfect school rooms, furnished with improved furniture, in every instance adapted to the size of the child, the light so arranged that all portions of the black boards can be clearly seen at all times, but they have superior incentives to study.

After the address of M. Godin, the children intoned "La Caille" (The Quail), a chant remarkable for its harmonies; and before the distribution of the ordinary prizes and rewards of merit, Mr. Godin rose and gave notice that, in the name of the Board of Directors of the association, he would give to all the pupils who had won the first grade in their studies the sum of 100 francs voted to them by the Board. Fifteen crimson cases were then placed on the table. Mr. Godin opened one and showed a 100-franc certificate of stock. Then, addressing the pupils, he said: "Consider these certificates, my dear children, as the beginning of your savings in the Society of the Familistère, and that from this day forward you are stockholding members. Never lose the memory of this happy day, and may it be the starting point of your future prosperity in the association."

M. Godin then called for the roll of honor, and as their names were pronounced by the well-beloved founder of the institution, seven boys and eight girls stepped forward and received the prize. He then explained to the audience, many of whom were visitors, that it is an established custom in the Familistère to award prizes in the school according to the votes of the children themselves; and that experience has shown that the system is good, the votes in all the classes being given to the most worthy of honor; to those, indeed, whom the teachers themselves would have designated.

Two extra prizes were given this year—one by the President of a well-known society in France, the other by the librarian of the same society. These were beautiful books; one to be awarded to the boy, the other to the girl, who had most distinguished themselves during the school year for assiduous application to study. Responding to the wishes of the donors, the four girls and the four boys obtaining the highest grade in the last examination were asked to decide by ballot which of them had shown the greatest devotion to study. Accordingly, the two laureates, Palmyra Becquet and Gaston Prudhomme were called. The audience applauded warmly as these students received prizes.

The song of "The Mosses" by the children ended the ceremonies in the theatre. The procession then reformed and marched into the court of the right quadrangle of the palace, where a large audience awaited them. There the orchestra performed a beautiful piece of music entitled "Un Soirée pres du Lac" (An Evening by the Lake), followed by a remarkable patriotic composition, in which, while the brass instruments played "The Marseillaise" as an accompaniment, the other instruments played the song of "The Girondins," the two songs blending perfectly. During the performance of this the scene presented in the court was most striking. At the end of the hall, brilliantly lighted by its roof of glass, were grouped the children with their banners all displayed; in front of them the members of the association and the inhabitants of the Familistère, the whole framed, as it were, by long lines of the firemen and archers in their gay uniforms. The balconies—three tiers of these surrounding the court—were filled with people, ladies especially, a good part of whom were from the city of Guise. In the evening there was a grand ball in the great central court. The balls of the Familistère are great occasions, and occur several times a year. The scene is always magnificent. The glass roof, the brilliant gaslights, the tiers of galleries festooned with garlands of flowers and evergreens, the decorations of banners, mottoes, floral designs, &c., altogether form a scene never to be forgotten; and, when one reflects that this grand palace and all its luxuries and comforts, and, best of all, its institutions, which insure the laboring man and his family against sickness and misfortune—when one reflects that all the people can have like homes all over the world, and thus escape the loneliness, the insecurity of dependence upon some outsider's shop for work, the poverty, the difficulty of securing education, the neglect and suffering in sickness—all the thousand ills of isolation—it is hard to wait the movement of the car of progress.

A Montgolfière balloon figured upon the programme for the afternoon, but it was put off for the next day on account of the high wind. Then it was sent up after much hesitation and made a complete failure. On the second day the children played games of all kinds, and the fête ended by a second ball as brilliant as that of the preceding night. The programme is the same, in the main, from year to year. Its minor features only are changed. There are two great festivals at the Familistère every year—that of the children here described, and that in honor of labor, which occurs in the spring.

There are many labor and other journals in this country, all engaged in studying the solution of the labor and capital problem. Why will not some one of them begin their instructions with the first principles of the solution, given so clearly and luminously in the works of M. Godin, and illustrated so grandly and so successfully in practice by the Familistère at Guise?

M. HOWLAND.